THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 2, 1807.

Memoirs of his Serene Highness the late Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg.

(Continued from Page 73.)

TWO years after this important event, the duke of Brunswick died; and the hereditary prince, of course, succeeded to his titles and dominions. To the melioration of the latter he devoted a large portion of his time, and he has always been considered as a model for the sovereigns on the continent. He indeed acquired, as he merited, from his subjects, the glorious title of "Father of his Country!"

Meanwhile, the old king of Prussia, partly overcome by age, and partly a martyr to a most enormous appetite, died full of glory and renown. His successor not only paid the legacy which had been left the duke of Brunswick by his uncle, but he wrote a letter with his own hand, in which, after extolling his services, he intimated that he had conferred on him the rank of field-marshal.

A few months after this, the duke was appointed to the command of an army, for the express purpose of reinstating the stadtholder. The ostensible object of this invasion was a pretended insult offered to the sister of Frederick William II. the consort of the prince of Orange; and a large body of troops having been suddenly assembled in Westphalia, the field-marshal immediately placed himself at their head, while England not only armed in the same cause, but furnished a sum of money, in order to insure success. The cardinal de Brienne, at this time minister of France, instead of going to war on behalf of an ally, confined himself to negociations; so that the duke was enabled to march unmolested into that country which had

so frequently made such a gallant resistance to its invaders, and the frontier towns immediately surrendered on his approach. Utrecht, at one period so celebrated for its patriotic spirit, capitulated almost at the first summons; while Amsterdam, the last refuge of the states of Holland, was forced to yield without a struggle. In short, "in the space of twenty days, 20,000 Prussians overcame that republic which had so gallantly and successfully contended with Philip II. for its liberties, and with Louis XIV. for its independence."

This expedition, so short in point of duration, so complete in respect to execution, and so brilliant when considered as a scheme conceived and matured within the short space of a month, reflected great glory on the Prussian arms. But on the general who conducted it, the politicians and statesman of that day lavished all their praises; and he was considered as the most skilful warrior, and ablest counsellor, that modern Europe had beheld since the time of the Great Frederic.

Accordingly, soon after this event, when all the kings of Europe were terrified at the successful revolt of a whole people from an oppression protected by prejudice, and in some measure sanctioned by the practice of ages, the duke of Brunswick was looked up to as the only general capable of reducing the French nation within the pale of unlimited obedience. On this occasion, the rival courts of Vienna and Berlin cordially united in the choice of the same leader, who, having assumed the command of the combined forces in July, 1792, prepared to advance from Coblentz, for the purpose of avenging the insults offered to "the throne and the altar."

The wisdom of the manifesto published on this occasion has always been considered as equivocal. After mentioning his design to interfere in the affairs of an independent nation, his serene highness intimates his resolution to punish as "rebels" such of the national militia as should be taken with arms in their hands for the purpose of opposing a foreign invader. The magistrates were rendered "responsible, with their heads and their estates," for those occurrences which they themselves could not controul; while the city of Paris was threatened with desolation, and the members of the national assembly and the constituted authorities were to experience all the undefined rigours of martial law.

Soon after this, Frederick William of Prussia, who had been proclaimed the "head of the league," arrived in the camp of the allies; while Dumouriez, appointed to the chief command of the French armies, assumed a strong position in the forest of Argonne, and bid defiance to the invaders. The surrender of Longwy and Verdun gave a favourable aspect to the royal cause; and on receiving this intelligence, the new general alluded to above, deemed it prudent to withdraw to the camp

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of St. Menehould, within 110 miles of Paris. During this retreat, his new troops were seized with a sudden panic, and 10,000 of them fled before 1500 Prussians!

Meanwhile, the resistance experienced by the allies, during the siege of Thionville; and the critical junction of the Generals Kellermann and Beurnonville, with the grand army, proved the salvation of France.

Notwithstanding this, the duke of Brunswick advanced against the enemy, whom he supposed, in consequence of the intelligence of the emigrants, to be in full retreat towards the capital; but on the morning of the 20th of September, he beheld their strong entrenched camp, supported by an immense train of artillery, while a large army was drawn up in order of battle. Notwithstanding this, his highness gave orders to seize on the heights of Gizancourt; on which Kellermann, whose position had been masked, brought up the whole of his cannon to a commanding eminence on the hill of Valmy, and by means of a well-directed fire arrested the progress of the combined forces. By a masterly manœuvre on the part of the French commander in chief, the allied army was at the same time outflanked, and its left turned. In consequence of this skirmish, during which an obscure officer of cavalry* appears to have foiled the tacticians who had studied the art of war in the school of the immortal Frederick, a retreat was resolved on; and that army, which had marched forward in all the pride of triumph, was obliged speedily to withdraw, by forced marches, destitute of provisions, encumbered with baggage, exposed to the ravages of a dreadful dysentery, and completely bereft of all its glory.

But it ought not to be omitted here that the duke of Brunswick is, in part, exempt from the blame attached to such a crude and incoherent invasion. That distinguished officer, on perceiving that the allies were received, not as deliverers, but enemies, insisted that it had become absolutely necessary to give a systematical direction to the operations of the combined armses. He objected, also, to the mode of warfare that had been adopted, and wished that no fortress in his rear should remain uncaptured. But he was opposed by the king of Prussia, who, replete with zeal, and avaricious of glory, possessed none of the military talents of his uncle; and had it not been for the prudence and circumspection of the general in chief, his retreat would have been cut off, and the monarch himself, perhaps, carried a prisoner to Paris.

In 1793, the duke of Brunswick redeemed some portion of that glory which he had lost at Valmy, by the capture of Mentz, and the battle of Pirmasens; at the latter of which he ob-

* Dumouriez.

tained possession of twenty-seven pieces of cannon and two howitzers; while he at the same time obliged 3900 of the enemy to throw down their arms, and surrender prisoners of war. After the lines of Weissemburg had been forced, he pursued the Austrians, and shewed himself worthy of his former reputation.

He, however, soon after retired from the command of the Prussian army in disgust, and was succeeded by Mollendorff, the companion of his youth, and the rival of his old age. His highness immediately returned to Brunswick, and occupied himself, as usual, with the prosperity of his own dominions. Happy would it have been for him and for his family, had he confined his cares to his sovereignty! But he was addicted to war from habit, and from disposition; and notwithstanding he despised the intrigues of the court of Berlin, he pined for active employment in camps, and at the head of armies, where he had spent his youth.

(To be continued.)

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

By the Authoress of the Occasional Essays.

(Continued from Page 65.)

THE ship was a fine, stout built, square rigged vessel; well found in every respect, copper bottomed, and a prime sailer; she cleared the Channel without accident, and the rough jokes of the honest captain, who was a most excellent seaman, coming (in the sea phrase,) in at the hawse hole, and not the cabin window, together with chearful company, and good cheer, depression of spirits, from his late separation, began to give way, his native good humour revive, and our hero could enjoy the usual conviviality of *Saturday night*, as heartily as any passenger on board. 'Tis true he felt a little wambling in the stomach, just to remind him he was, for the first time, at sea, against which, the captain advised, as the most efficacious remedy, the heaving a *kitten** down his throat, to scratch clear the passage, with a piece of rusty fat pork spliced fast to her tail, to *swab* all clean between decks. The very idea of the rusty pork, compelled an immediate delivery of the whole cargo under hatches, the discharge produced a craving for a fresh freight, which the steward's lockers amply supplied.

The

* A bumper of brandy.

The vessel carrying a heavy press of sail, laboured hard through the bay of Biscay, when soon getting before a fine trade wind, on the day of crossing the line, our adventurer began to feel in himself as much avidity to join in the usual sea fun, as the oldest seaman in the ship. As this tropical ceremony may not be generally known, it might not be unentertaining to describe it.

The day of crossing the line is a day of jubilee to the sailors, in which the captain never interferes unless to promote the mirth. After dinner the farce begins. The captain then hopes the company will do him the honour of taking an extra glass, as he is in expectation of being joined by some old friends, who never fail visiting him on that day. The steward then formally announces, that Neptune and his wife are waiting at the cabin door for admittance, being come to pay their respects to the ladies and gentlemen passengers, and to welcome them to their dominions. Two grotesque figures then enter, making profound obedience. Neptune congratulates the company on their arrival, that he had expected them sometime, that his old dame had put on her best bib and tucker to receive them, and both hoped to have the honour of drinking their healths, and a safe passage to them through his realms.

The steward bows to receive his godship's orders as to choice of the liquor, which is generally a glass of grog. Some indeed are for making an improvement on this animating mixture, by requesting not to have the juice of the cane compounded with water, always having a full supply of the latter at hand. After taking "*second thoughts*" Neptune turns to his wife, asks her opinion of English beauty, which is sure to be greatly extolled, and a conversation between them ensues, supported by genuine humour, and true sea wit, and concludes with hoping the passengers have brought enough with them to pay custom-house duties, which are left entirely to their own generosity. These duties handsomely subscribed to, Neptune retires, and the mummery opens again upon deck; that is, if any land-lubber, cabin-boy, &c. has not crossed the Atlantic before; if he has, he goes scot free; but if not, and too poor to pay the price of a bottle of rum, he must undergo the operation of *shaving*. A large deep tub is then placed near the gangway, filled full with salt water, over which a plank is fixed. The culprit is first blindfolded, then seated on the plank, where he is held secure. The old dame begins the ceremony of lathering his face, not from a shaving box, but with a good stiff brush out of a bucket of tar, so plentifully supplied, that he gets pretty well *lathered all over*. Neptune then whets his razor (always a piece of an old rusty iron hoop) on the capstan head, and begins shaving away the lather from his chin, while the poor devil is repeatedly crying quarter! but never released 'till he has been well *scraped*.

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The shaving over, the plank is pulled from under him, he plumps souse into the salt water, and a sailor stands ready with a bucket full of the same, throws the deluge over his head, by way of a christening, and he is then declared free of the watery realms for ever.

Nothing material happened during the voyage, and in five weeks and three days, from leaving the land, the vessel came to safe anchorage in Port Royal harbour, Jamaica. On our adventurer's arrival at Kingston, he was received with all that friendliness, that noble, hospitable, and generous island is so justly renowned for; his letters of recommendation, particularly one to Mr. Dominic Burke*, were of infinite utility, and procured him both attention and respect. He was soon instructed with regard to the mode of disposing of his little cargo to the best advantage, and Mr. Burke was so charmed with his graceful figure, fine sense, and though diffident, a dignity of sentiment, that immediately found a passage to a bosom, where virtue had fixed her empire, and revelled in the heart. This valuable friend insisted on retaining the young Englishman his guest, 'till something could be determined on for his advantage, nor would he permit him to accept of the first clerkship offered, but availed himself of the pleasure of his protegee's society, 'till a situation opened honourable to his young friend, and where integrity would be liberally rewarded.

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* The island sustained an irreparable loss in this gentleman about the year 1773; he then died, generally lamented as the general friend. His funeral was attended by a concourse of people, of all colours, never before seen, and a remark of a simple negro is treasured on record to the present day. At the interment, there suddenly fell a violent shower of rain, quite unexpected, as the sky was remarkably clear. A weeping negro exclaimed—"Ky! ky! look'e dere! you no sav'ee? Even Goddy Mighty in a top (above) *cry*, dat poor, dear massa go in a pit." This gentleman was not living when the writer first visited the island; but were she to retail all the noble acts of beneficence she has been informed of, they would fill a volume. One act of generosity ought not to be omitted. He subscribed 10,000l. towards the expence of sending to Germany to engage a man of the name of Ripley, with orders for *him* to engage also a sufficient number of gardeners, and bring with him to cultivate the whole island, as to European vegetables, since found so salutary there to health, as well as to improve the natural productions. The finest pine apple in the world bears his name, and is called the *Ripley* pine.

The honourable Jaspar Hall subscribed the same sum, and was evidently his twin brother in every public and private virtue. To the latter gentleman, the writer is gratefully proud to acknowledge obligations time can never cancel, as well as to his lady, after his decease.

We shall now usher our hero into the counting-house of Meanwell and Co. merchants, at their store Port-royal street,* where he soon became initiated in the regular mode of commerce; his accounts so fair, his attention, and indefatigable industry, pourtrayed to the heart of rectitude, so closely connected with the concerns of the house, together with his fascinating manners, soon claimed the confidence of his worthy employers, and opened their eyes to the treasure they had attained, and were determined to cherish. He was given to understand, that his salary should be continued to him as usual, but that the expence of his *mess* should be paid by the *firm*, as an additional compliment; with leave to write to his father for little ventures, of which he was himself now a competent judge, to be brought out in their own ships, freightage free, with permission of warehouse-room, and a disposal of the goods at their own store: concluding with a general invitation from Mr. Meanwell, to dine at his penn on a Sunday, a compliment rarely paid to a junior clerk.

* The houses in Port Royal-street are all occupied by regular merchants, and not common traders. Rent from three to five hundred per. ann. currency (difference of exchange 40 per cent.) and are used only as warehouses for merchandize, and denominated stores. The merchants residing at their penns (country houses) within two or three miles of the town, and never board any clerk in the house, allowing a salary appropriate to boarding themselves, at the different *mess* houses in town; but grant the under clerks the privilege of sleeping at the stores, to save them the expence of 30l. yearly for lodging, and as a guard against the depredations of negroes, naturally thieves more or less; which vice, neither kind usage, or punishment, can correct.

(To be continued.)

MAD DOGS.

MANY fatal accidents having lately occurred from mad dogs, it may be rendering the public some service to put them upon their guard against some common opinions on the subject, which, by their being almost universally received, increase the danger in an alarming degree. The statement about to be submitted to the public is founded upon the experience of the writer, derived from his observation of the appearances and symptoms of this disorder in a very numerous pack of hounds. It is almost needless to say, that more than one dog had gone mad in the kennel before the case was suspected. What numbers had been bit, it was impossible to ascertain, or even to guess; no partial precaution could therefore be taken. The only reasonable hope of preserving those which had not

been bit, was by separating them one from the other. This plan was adopted, and every dog was secured in a hutch by himself, by a chain of a length that prevented his coming in contact with another; each had troughs for food and water, so that there was no possible communication between any two. This separation was continued from October to the following April.

In the early part of this period many went mad. From very obvious causes, the numbers diminished from month to month; but there were instances of their going mad nearly at the end of six months.

So far with respect to the length of time the disorder will lie dormant, and afterwards break out. Now, with respect to the symptoms and appearances when the disorder took effect: it was invariably intermittent in its commencement, and the first access so trifling, that it would have passed unnoticed had not the attention of the huntsman been constantly upon the watch, and his jealousy of every little symptom always alive. During the first intermissions, the dogs were always apparently in perfect health: they ate their food, and lapped their water as usual; they were cheerful, and perfectly sensible, knowing every body they were accustomed to see. There was no alteration in their appearance or manner. The first intermissions were generally of 24 hours duration, and in many cases considerably longer. The accesses successively increased in violence, and the intermission diminished. The malady became continued at last, and the dog usually died at the end of about seven or eight days. It has been a vulgar notion, very generally received, that the moon has influence upon this malady, and that dogs go mad only at the full of the moon. This was attended to, and the opinion proved quite groundless; they went as frequently mad at one epoch of the moon as at another.

Observations on the Disease, called the Plica Polonica.

AS the French soldiers in Poland are said to be at present afflicted with this dreadful yet singular disorder, some account of it may, perhaps, not be unacceptable to our readers.

Mr. Coxe, in his travels in Poland, says—"In our progress through this country, we observed several persons with matted or clotted hair, which arises from a disorder called *Plica Polonica*; it receives that denomination, because it is considered as peculiar to Poland: although it is not unfrequent in Hungary, Tartary, and several adjacent nations, and instances of it are occasionally found in other countries.

" According to the observations of Dr. Vicat, an ingenious Swiss physician, long resident in Poland, who has published a satisfactory treatise on this subject, the *Plica Polonica* proceeds from an acrid viscous humour, penetrating into the hair:* it then exudes from its sides or extremities, and clots the whole together, either in separate folds, or in one undistinguished mass. The symptoms, more or less violent, according to the constitution of the patient, or malignity of the disease, are itchings, swellings, eruptions, ulcers, intermitting fevers, pains in the head, languor, lowness of spirits, rheumatism, gout; sometimes convulsions, palsy, and madness. These symptoms gradually decrease as the hair becomes affected. If the head of the patient be shaved, he relapses into all the dreadful complaints which preceded the eruption of the *Plica*; and continues to labour under them, until a fresh growth of hair absorbs the acrid humour. This disorder is thought hereditary, and is proved to be contagious when in a virulent state.

" Many physical causes are supposed to concur in rendering the *Plica* more ftequent in these regions than in other parts; but it would be needless to enumerate the various conjectures with which each person has supported his favourite hypothesis: the most probable are those assigned by Dr. Vicat. The first cause is the nature of the Polish air, which is rendered insalubrious by numerous woods and morasses, and occasionally derives an uncommon keenness, even in the midst of summer, from the position of the Carpathian mountains: for the southern and south-easterly winds, which usually convey warmth in other regions, are here chilled in their passage over their snowy summits. The second is unwholesome water; for although Poland is not deficient in good springs, yet the common people usually drink that which is taken from rivers, lakes, and even stagnant pools. The third cause is the gross inattention of the natives to cleanliness; for experience shews that those who are not negligent in their persons and habitations, are less liable to be afflicted with the *Plica*. Thus persons of higher rank are less subject to this disorder than those of inferior stations: the inhabitants of large towns than those of small villages; the free peasants than those in an absolute state of vassalage; the natives of Poland Proper than those of Lithuania. In a word, the *Plica Polonica* appears to be a contagious distemper, which, like the leprosy, still prevails among a people ignorant in medicine, and inattentive to stop its pro-

* The dilation of the hair is sometimes so considerable as to contain globules of blood; this circumstance, which however very rarely happens, has probably given rise to the notion, that by cutting off the hair the patient bleeds to death.

gress; but it is rarely known in those countries where due precautions† are taken to prevent its propagation."

In the 4th vol. of the Manchester Memoirs, Dr. Ferriar has communicated the following account, written by Mr. F. Hoffman, surgeon to the Prussian army:

"The disease termed *Plica Polonica* is endemic in Poland, and seldom, if ever, observed in any other part of Europe.

"Both sexes are equally liable to the attacks of *Plica*. It usually appears during infancy; and but seldom after the age of twenty. When once produced, it continues during the remainder of life. The accession of the complaint is in general preceded by irregular spasmodic affection, pains in different parts of the body, a slow fever, and various diseases of the eyes; all which cease immediately on the appearance of the *Plica*.

"The disorder consists in a preternatural rapid growth of the hair, with a copious secretion of a viscid matter from its bulbs. For the most part, the hairs of the head are alone affected; and that only in particular parts. In these, the hairs grow considerably longer than in the rest; and are knotted and entangled with each other; being also covered with the viscid matter which issues from the roots, and which assists in gluing them together.

"In proportion as the quantity of this gluten, and the implication of the hair increases, it is still more and more difficult to clean and comb it: hence a degree of pthiriasis is produced, and the head contracts an extremely fetid smell, to which, however, the Polish peasants are so much accustomed that they endure it without complaint, or any manifest inconvenience.

"It is also an opinion universally prevalent with them, that the disease is a salutary effort of nature to expel a morbid matter from the body: and that to interrupt the course of it would be productive of imminent danger: hence they make no attempt to cure or even palliate the complaint. And if we may repose confidence in authors of established reputation, morbid affections of a similar nature to those which precede its occurrence, paralysis, and even death itself, have succeeded imprudent attempts to check the progress of the disease. In this respect, *Plica* bears some analogy to the *exanthemata*, and various chronic cutaneous eruptions.

"I am as yet unable to decide whether this complaint is hereditary or not. From some observations, indeed, it appears that a predisposition to it may be transmitted from parents to their offspring; but my information on this head is too limited to

† Its contagion is probably prevented from spreading among the Russians by the use of the vapour bath.

to ascertain the point. In one case which fell under my own observation, two brothers had *Plica*, both on the left side of the head, and in about one third of their hairs: I learned from them that their father and grandfather had also been affected with the disease in a form exactly similar.

" Besides the human species, other animals are subject to this complaint. It appears in some of the finest horses in Poland. In them, it is situated in the mane, and sometimes in the long hairs around the hoof and fetlock joint. It attacks also the different species of the canine genus; dogs, wolves, and foxes. Previous to its occurrence in the first, the symptoms of *rabies* [madness] usually appear: the tail is dropped between the hind legs, there is a flow of frothy saliva from the mouth, the sight and appetite are impaired, or entirely lost, they are snappish, and disposed to bite, but their bite does not produce hydrophobia. The wolf is affected in the same manner; he leaves his wonted concealments in the woods, and runs wildly among the flocks, biting and destroying them, but without producing hydrophobia.

" The impossibility of ascertaining the true causes of this singular disease, has given rise to several vague conjectures on the subject; as that of Le Fontaine, who attributes it to a corruption of the fat.

" It is somewhat remarkable, that *Plica* takes place only among the lower class of people; whence some have conceived, that it is to be considered merely as a consequence of uncleanliness.

" But, in objection to this opinion, it may be urged, that it is unknown in the adjoining countries subject to the Russian government, where the peasants are habituated in the same customs and mode of life, or nearly the same as in Poland — that its appearance affords evident relief to the system, and its retrocession is productive of dangerous consequences. The idea that it is a real and idiophatic disease, is confirmed also by its occurrence in a variety of animals, and by the circumstance of its being confined to particular parts of the head; for which no reason can be assigned on the former supposition.

" A peculiarity of climate cannot be adduced as a cause of this disease. Poland differs little in this respect from the adjoining countries. The summer heat is considerable, the thermometer rising frequently to 98°. 100°. 104°. and the cold in winter so great, that it falls sometimes 10. 15. degrees below 0. But though the changes in the atmosphere are so remarkable at different periods of the year, they take place with the utmost regularity, the temperature passing by insensible degrees from one extreme to the other.

" The Poles themselves are a vigorous, hardy race; inured from infancy to labour, and to exposure to the vicissitudes of the atmosphere; almost regardless of cold, they frequently sleep in the open air. Their diet consists chiefly in animal food, and they are much addicted to the use of spirits. They have an equal fondness for other strong, stimulating liquids. I have seen them drink, with the greatest pleasure, the salt brine in which herrings have been preserved, and even nitrous acid diluted with water.

" Since no other cause can be assigned for this disease, it is probable, that it arises, according to the general opinion, from contagion; a contagion which, like that of Psora, can be communicated by contact only: but this I have not been able to ascertain by any observations of my own.

" It is said, however, by authors of reputation, that *Plica* is frequent in Tartary, and that it was brought into Poland in the 13th century by the Tartars, who at that period made frequent irruptions into the eastern parts of Europe."

In the Philosophical Transactions, (New Abridgement by Hutton, &c. p. 462. vol. vii.) the following case is recorded.

" A country woman of Poland, who was married at the age of 15, was in her 18th year seized with the endemic disorder of that country, which from the plaiting of the hair is called the *Plica Polonica**. She was afflicted with it for 50 years together, and during most of that time was confined to her bed by pains and contractions of the limbs and joints, which at length ended in marasmus. Worn out with age, she died in her 78th year. Dr. Floerke, physician to Prince Radzivil, not only visited this woman while she was living, and caused a drawing to be taken of her, but also cut off the *Plica* after her death, and brought it to Wirtemberg. It was four ells long, one palm broad, and two inches thick; but it would (Dr. F. says) have been much longer, had not a great part of it been rubbed and rotted off during the long time the patient was confined to her bed."

* Termed by nosological writers trichoma.

Origin of the Song, Eibhlin a Ruin.

To the PRINTER of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER,

SIR,

THE air to the song of *Eibhlin a Ruin*, vulgarly called *Ellen a Roon*, is generally known, and as generally admired; but the history of it is little known, though it is somewhat singular. In the first place it has some claim to antiquity,

quity, as it is above two hundred years old: towards the close of the fifteenth century, Carrol O'Daly, Esq. brother to the prince or chief of that name, in the county of Galway, in Ireland, fell in love with Miss Eleanor O'Kavenagh, daughter to a gentleman of considerable fortune in the county of Carlow. The alliance was very agreeable to the relations both of the lady and gentleman, and a day was fixed for making the lovers happy in wedlock; in the interim, however, some misunderstanding happened between the brother of the gentleman and the father of the lady, on account of a punctilio, trifling in itself, but of the utmost importance to two men who were strongly infatuated with the pride of ancestry: the question was, who should sign *first* some articles of agreement between O'Daly and O'Kavenagh for a settlement on the couple, whom they were going to have married. Each chieftain claimed the precedency; and finally they both agreed to this one thing—rather to break off the match than that either should bring a disgrace upon his *house*, by suffering his signature to stand *second* in the agreement.

The match was accordingly broken off; and, to the unspeakable affliction and distress of the two lovers, the lady received the most authoritative commands to break off all commerce with her lover, and entirely to forget him; while the haughty chieftain of the O'Kavenaghs forbid O'Daly his castle, which he caused to be strictly guarded and watched, that no intercourse whatever might take place between the lovers. Mr. O'Daly tried the effects of gold, but nothing could procure him a sight of his love: he would willingly have undertaken to storm the castle, but he feared that if O'Kavenagh, who was bravery itself, should happen to fall or be wounded in the defence of it, the lovely Eleanor would be lost to him for ever, as he could not hope to prevail with her to marry the man who might have been the death of her father.

He had spent a considerable time in devising means to get access to the lady, when he was alarmed by a report that her father had resolved to put it out of her power to marry into a family that had given him offence; that for this purpose he had promised her to another gentleman, and that preparations were actually making for the nuptials. He was fired almost to madness at the news: he knew not to a certainty whether the match was *forced* upon the lady, or whether she was heartily consenting to it. In order to be satisfied on this head, he resolved to try the effects of a stratagem: He was an excellent poet and musician, and played with great skill upon the harp: he disguised himself as a poor strolling minstrel and juggler, whose employment it was to make out a livelihood by tricks of legerdemain and playing upon the harp, for the entertainment of those who should wish for such amusement. He arrived

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in disguise at O'Kavenagh's castle, where the poor were at all times welcome, but where a poor bard or minstrel was always doubly so.

After he had received some refreshment, he was called upon to exercise his skill for the entertainment of the family and the guests, among whom he found his rival. Having played some tricks with cups and balls, &c. he took his harp, and to its sound sung a song of his own composition, which was entirely addressed to the young lady, and began with the words *Eibhlin a Ruin* (*Eibhlin* is the Irish for Eleanor, and the *b* is quiescent). The company imagined that it contained the complaints of a lover who had never existed but in the poet's fancy, or who had long since died: they praised the music, the poetry, and the sentiments, but saw no further into the business. It was not so, however, with the young lady: she felt herself extraordinarily affected by the words of the song, which went to her heart; she began to eye the minstrel, and soon discovered him, notwithstanding the disguise, to be her faithful lover: she had like to have fainted with joy at the discovery; and was on the point of betraying the secret, through excess of rapture, but was fortunately restrained by reflecting that such a step might endanger the life of her lover. The minstrel perceived the motion and agitation of the fair Eibhlin, and from them he augured well of the success of his stratagem.

The lady contrived, in the course of the evening, to speak to the harper, unheard by any one else: she assured him, that her heart had not been one moment estranged from him; that he alone was the object of her choice; that this last proof of his regard for her had endeared him, if possible, more to her. She told him, she was resolved to trust herself to his honour, and not heed the addresses of a man whom her father would wish to force her to marry; and to unite herself for ever to the man whom alone she loved, or ever could love. She bid him still support his character, and leave to her the care of providing for her escape; but above all to be temperate in drinking, for upon his sobriety the success of the undertaking would in a great measure depend. He promised punctually to follow her orders.

The gentlemen who were then on a visit at the castle were young and gay, and appeared to be very well inclined to second the wish of the hospitable owner of the mansion, that the bottle might circulate briskly. The daughter caused a plentiful supply of wine to be carried to them, and gave liquor in such abundance to the servants, that there was not one of them left sober. Her father and his guests were soon intoxicated; and she availed herself of the inability of any one of them to pursue her for that night, escaped from the castle with her disguised lover, who had horses and servants waiting for him

him at a little village about three miles from the castle. By means of the horses they were soon carried too far to be in danger of being overtaken, and in a few days they reached the county of Galway, where they were married.

From this marriage the Right Hon. Dennis Daly, a member of the privy council of Ireland, and member for the county of Galway, is lineally descended.

J. B.

MEDICINAL EFFECTS *of* MUSIC.

THE medicinal effects attributed to music are so numerous, and some of them so well authenticated, that to reject them totally would be to deny credibility to many respectable historians, philosophers, and physicians. Martinus Capella assures us, that fevers were removed by song, and that Asclepiades cured deafness by the sound of the trumpet. Plutarch says, that Thelates, the Cretan, delivered the Lacedemonians from the pestilence by the sweetness of his lyre. Many of the ancients speak of music as a receipt for every kind of malady. M. Buretti, an eminent physician, who made the music of the ancients his particular study, thinks it not only possible, but even probable, that music, by repeated strokes and vibrations given to the nerves, fibres, and animal spirits, may sometimes alleviate the sufferings of epileptics and lunatics, and even overcome the most violent paroxysms of those disorders. Buretti is by no means singular in his opinion, for many modern philosophers and physicians, as well as ancients poets and historians, have declared that they had no doubt but that music has the power, not only of influencing the mind, but of affecting the nervous system in such a manner, as will, in certain diseases, proceed by slow degrees, from giving temporary relief to effecting a perfect cure. In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences for 1707, and the following year, are recorded many accounts of diseases, which, having obstinately resisted all the remedies prescribed by the most able of the faculty, at last submitted to the powerful impression of harmony. M. de Mairan, in the Memoirs of the same Academy, speaking of the medicinal powers of music, says, that it is from the mechanical involuntary connection between the organs of hearing and the consonances excited in the outward air, joined to the rapid communication of the vibrations of these organs to the whole nervous system, that we owe the cure of spasmodic disorders, and of fevers attended with a delirium and convulsions, of which the memoirs give many examples. Dr. Bianchini, professor of physic at Udina, who has searched numerous ancient authors, and collected all the passages relative

to the medicinal application of music by Asclepiades, says, that it was considered by the Egyptians, Grecians, and Romans, as a remedy both in acute and chronical disorders, and he adds, that he himself had seen it applied in several cases with great effect.

Drs. Mead, Burretti, Baglier, and all the most eminent of their time, throughout Europe, seemed not to entertain a doubt but that the bite of the tarantula was to be cured by music. It has been asserted, that the application of music always throws the patient into a violent fit of dancing, which bringing on a violent perspiration, effects the cure: but the inhabitants of Apulia say, that the only salutary effect of music they ever discovered is, that it keeps the patient awake, and pretend to apply it for this purpose only; sleep being, according to their account, fatal, if indulged before the poison is extracted. After all that has been said on the subject by philosophers and physicians, it has of late been discovered, that the tarantula is not a venomous animal, and that the whole is a fictitious story, framed for the purpose of deceiving the credulous.

ANECDOTES *from the* HISTORY *of* RUSSIA.

Stratagem of Admiral Cruys.

IN 1708, the Swedish army in Finland, under the command of Major-General Lubecker, passed the Neva, to make incursions in Ingria, and attack St. Petersburgh. Admiral Cruys, a man of great merit, and one of the principal officers who had assisted Peter the Great in forming a marine, annoyed the enemy greatly during their passage, and after the Swedish troops had reached the opposite side of the river, and taken up a position in the country, Cruys hit upon a method of making them decamp, by a stratagem, the success of which was equal to the design. He blockaded the Neva with a fleet which had the appearance of being formidable, but which was entirely composed of damaged and unserviceable vessels. He then burnt all the Russian magazines in that part of the country which was indefensible, and stopped the supplies of provisions destined for the Swedes, so as to occasion a dreadful scarcity. At the same time making use of the name of the grand Admiral Apraxin, he wrote to Brigadier Fraser, who was posted with a few troops in the vicinity of Keporin, to defend himself with courage, for that, in twenty-four hours, a body of forty thousand men would arrive to support him; and besides, that the enemy's fleet would be opposed by another fleet of equal force. The admiral gave this in charge to a peasant to deliver, in the

firm persuasion that he would be taken, and the letter intercepted, but the messenger reached Fraser's tent in safety. The latter guessed at once the intent of his mission, and defended himself as long as he was able. Being compelled to yield to numbers and abandon his baggage, he left this letter in his tent, as if he had forgotten it. Lubecker having found and read it, was so terrified at its contents that he instantly ordered a retreat. He reimbarked his army with such precipitation that the carriages were broken, the horses killed or maimed, and they were obliged to abandon eight hundred men, who either fell, or were taken prisoners. The effect of this happy device was such that instead of the invasion being serviceable to the enemy, it turned out very unfavourable.

Opinion of the Emperor, the Great Peter of Russia, concerning War.

THIS prince who had acquired so much glory by his military exploits, and who was almost always victorious, did not delight in success of this description. An old wooden palace, falling to ruins, was made use of for exhibiting a fire-work. The variously coloured rays produced a spectacle as magnificent as striking. On this occasion, the hero said to Charles Frederick, duke of Holstein: "Behold the semblance of war; the most brilliant actions are followed by ravage and destruction: perish that building in which I conceived the plan of attacking Sweden! perish, with it, every idea of again taking up arms against her, and may she, in future, be the most faithful ally of my empire!"

REMARKABLE ECHOS.

DR. PLOTT, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, says, that the famous echo in Woodstock park returned seventeen syllables in the day time, when the wind was a little stirring, and twenty in the night time, for then the air being denser, the vibration became slower, and so a repetition of more syllables was heard; and Dr. Harris, in his Technical Dictionary, assures us, that there is a much finer echo from the North Stepney church, Sussex, which in the night time would repeat these 21 syllables—

Os Homini sublime dedit cœlumque tueri,
Jussit et erectos ———.

Answer, by J. Woodman, of North Curry, to J. Howell's Rebus, inserted Nov. 17.

THE initials, join'd aright, will show,
That PEAR's the fruit you mean I know.

† Similar answers have been received from Rusticus, of Awliscombe; B. Belcher, and J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Glasson, of Praze; P. Codd, and R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; William Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; J. Badcock, of Mousehole; G. P. O of Beer; J. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. of Bristol; R. Loosemore, and J. Tucker, of Tiverton; John Lewis, of Poole; S. R. of Hinton St. George; M. P. M. and E. K. Burt, of Marazion; John Rowden, of Heytesbury; Ann Dyer, of Manadon House; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; G. T. Arden, of South Petherton; and John Salter, of Broadhembury.

Answer, by S. R. of Hinton St. George, to J. A. Dyer's Anagram, inserted the 17th of November.

THAT a LION is king of the forest we know;
It was on the NILE Nelson struck a grand blow;
That a LINE is most useful I trust we agree,
For drying of LINEN for both you and me.

‡§‡ We have received the like answer from John Woodman, of North Curry; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. S. and Henry Stoneman, of Exeter; Ann Dyer, of Manadon House; B. Belcher, of East Stonehouse; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; William Varcoe, of Mevagissey; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; M. P. M. of Marazion; G. P. O. of Beer; John Badcock, of Mousehole; G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Tucker, J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; Bessey, of Exmouth; John Lewis, of Poole; T. R. of St. Agnes; W. D. of Bristol; and J. Salter, of Broadhembury.

An ANAGRAM, *by Stephanus, of Modbury.*

AN insect, Sirs, with care transpose,
What's us'd in ships it will disclose;
Transpos'd again, and then you'll see
What's shocking to humanity.

An ANAGRAM, *by G. A. F. A. of Petherton.*

FEW letters together compose my whole name,
Which, backward or forward you may read the same;
I walk on my feet, to improve the poor soil,
Feed and clothe British subjects in Britain's fair isle.

A CHARADE, *by Pelimbrosco.*

MY first is a stream, which meand'ring glides
Thro' meadows with verdure fresh crown'd;
My second's a path which your footstep oft guides,
And near to my first may be found.

My whole is a seat where the muses retire,
And Apollo has taken his station;
Where, aided by science, they jointly conspire
To form brilliant men for this nation.

POETRY.

ODE *for the* NEW YEAR, 1807.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, *Esq. the Poet-Laureat.*

WHEN loud and dreat the tempests roar,
When high the billowy mountains rise,
And headlong 'gainst the rocky shore,
Driven by the blast, the giddy vessel flies;
Unguided, by the wild waves borne,
Her rudder broke, her tackling torn;
Say, does the seaman's daring mind
Shrink from the angry frown of fate?
Does he, to abject fear resign'd,
Th' impending stroke in silence wait?
No—while he pours the fervent prayer
To Him whose will can punish or can spare,
Cool and intrepid 'mid the sound
Of winds and waves that rage around,
The powers that skill and strength impart,
The nervous arm, the undaunted heart,
Collecting, firm he fronts the threat'ning storm,
And braves, with fearless breast, fell death's terrific form:

So, tho' around our sea-encircled reign,
The dreadful tempest seems to lour,
Dismay'd do Britain's hardy train
Await in doubt the threat'ning hour?
Lo! to his sons, with cheering voice,
Albion's bold genius calls aloud;
Around him valiant myriads crowd,
Or death or victory their choice;
From ev'ry port astonish'd Europe sees
Britannia's white sails swelling with the breeze;
Not her imperial barks alone
Awe the proud foe on every side,
Commerce her vessels launches on the tide,
And her indignant sons awhile,
Seceding from their wonted toil,
Turn from the arts of peace their care,
Hurl from each deck the bolts of war,
To sweep th' injurious boasters from the main,
Who dare to circumscribe Brittannia's naval reign.

And see, with emulative zeal,
Our hosts congenial ardour feel;
The ardent spirit, that of yore
Flam'd high on Gallia's vanquish'd shore:
Or burn'd by Danube's distant flood,
When flow'd his current ting'd with Gallic blood;
Or shone on Lincelles' latter fight;
Or fir'd by Acre's towers the Christian's knight;
Or taught on Maida's fields the Gaul to feel,
Urg'd by the Briton's arm, the British steel;
Now in each breast with heat redoubled glows,
And gleams dismay and death on Europe's ruthless foes

Not to ambition's specious charm,
Not th' ensanguin'd despot's hand

Is conquest bound—a mightier arm
Than earth's proud tyrants can withstand,
The balance holds of human fate,
Raises the low, and sinks the great.
Exerting then, in Europe's cause,
Each energy of arm and mind,
All that from force or skill the warrior draws,
Yet to th' Almighty Power resign'd,
Whose high behest all nature's movements guides,
Controuls the battle's and the ocean's tides;
Britain still hopes that Heav'n her vows will hear,
While mercy rears her shield, and justice points her spear.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

WINTER.

STERN winter lifts his ruthless hand,
Cold blows the northern blast;
Rude Boreas flies o'er all the land,
Now autumn's reign is past.

Rough storms pervade the gloomy sky,
The winds tempestuous blow;
While rain in torrents pours from high,
And swells the streams below.

But now beneath a vest of white,
Creation's scenes appear;
No varied part appears in sight,
But all one aspect bear.

But soon fair spring again will rise,
And scatter blessings round;
Mild zephyrs then will fill the skies,
And verdure deck the ground.

Bristol. W. C.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The VIOLETS.

VIOLETS, whose odours are so sweet,
In the gay dell and budding grove,
Say, can your fragrance be complete,
But on the bosom of my love?

In that enchanting region of delight,
The seat of innocence divine,
More animatedly you'll shine,
And drink pure radiance from her eye so bright:

That beaming eye, which weeps for pale distress!
That gentle breast, which knows how to express,
By tender sighs the feelings of the soul!
What purer flame than that ethereal glow,
Which tunes the breast to sympathetic woe,
And, by a magic force, the passions dares controul?

Trent. B. A.